Gala
the glamour girl magazine
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Adults Only
Vol.1 No.6
Get a TASTE of HONEY, MAISIE and RAUNCHY
GALA'S SAUCY SHOWGIRL bares her all as our LUSTY LANDLADY watches
GALA girls are best

Gala

In this issue of GALA we throw out a challenge to the reader to find a single lady who doesn't give you the hots.

Beginning with Sylvie, who loves snakes slithering over her lovely body, GALA simply goes from height to staggering height. Among our pictorial specials there is a loin-girding array of gorgeous girls who've been picked, solely, to meet your requirements.

Raunchy Rita, whose red-stockinged legs should bring out the bull in you, also likes to take her own naughty pics. *Angelique*, who bears a striking resemblance to you-know-who, carries that gun for show. And then there's Zoe, our *Saucy Showgirl*, who likes to get everything off . . . for a price!

Storywise, we introduce a new young lady-writer, Susanna Peach, whose *Fantasy Realised* should pound the heart of every single romantic among us.

If you've got this far in reading GALA then you'll already be acquainted with the girls who appear inside. We're sure you'll like them. We certainly do!

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Sylvie - Snakelover

Sylvie's 25, although we don't think she looks a day over 21. "I was born in the year of the snake on the Chinese calendar," she told us, "perhaps that explains why most of my fantasies are about shiny things, wet things and things that sparkle.

"A friend of mine, Joe, had a python called Sammy. He was quite young – only about eight feet long. You have to be very gentle and friendly with snakes. Pythons crush you, you know, but Sammy wasn't really big enough to crush a person. Still, he had three rows of teeth and although they're not poisonous they can still give you a very nasty bite."

"I find snakes immensely sexual objects. Even the shape but especially the look and texture of the skin. They're fascinating things to watch. Especially when they're eating. My friend's python was born in the wild and doesn't understand that things that don't move could be food so he has to feed it on live white rats."

"I watched it eating once and it was horrible, and fascinating at the same time. Once when Joe and I were both very very drunk – we were naked on the couch in his living room – he couldn't even get it up and eventually he passed out. I was wide awake and feeling pretty randy."

"I ended up watching Sammy looking bored and pottering about in his glass case. That beautiful sheen of wetness with the lights reflecting off all those deep mysterious jungle colours. I was completely hynotized! I certainly wouldn't recommend it because it can be dangerous but I was too drunk and too randy to care. I lifted him out of his case and just lay down on the carpet and let him slither across my body. I didn't come but it was an electrifying experience. Phew! you should have seen my friend's face when he came to!"

What other fantasies did she have, we wondered? "I love tinfoil. I often fantasize about being screwed on a bed of tinfoil with bright lights shining down and mirrors everywhere in the room. I'd love to hear that lovely crinkly sound it makes when you move about on it – with my lover's body and mine all covered with oil so that we could slide over one another and see ourselves everywhere."

"Sometimes I think I'd like to try a completely automated lover – a robot – made from all kinds of silver and shiny metals with an electric vibrating glittering extendable dildo. Completely adjustable at the flick of a shiny switch. Perhaps, someday, every housewife will have one. They'll keep it in the closet with the vacuum cleaner and the ironing board and wheel it out when they need servicing – in between the washing and the dusting, perhaps."

We're sure that Sylvie could have gone on for weeks telling us about her shiny wet fantasies but we think these pictures speak for themselves. Sylvie looks just fine in satin and silk. Maybe we'll arrane for the tinfoil next time but we can certainly do without automated lovers!

LUSTY LANDLADY

Landlady Laura must have about the best collection of horny pictures outside of the Vatican. She told us that she spends most of her days, and many of her nights, peeping through keyholes, around corners and doors snapping pics of her tenants making love. "It's become a habit with me," she said, " a most worthwhile and enjoyable hobby. You ought to try it!"

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MAISIE

Maisie was an only child. Although she enjoys a healthy social life, she told us, "There's nothing I like better than an occasional evening at home alone. Usually, I set aside at least one evening a week just to stay in and relax. I live in a one room flat so I usually change into something comfortable and watch the telly or listen to a record from the warmth and comfort of my bed. Sometimes nothing at all is the most comfortable thing to wear," she smirked.

"It's really nice being able to take a nice hot bath and then dry out slowly in front of the fire without having to worry about who's there and what effect you're having on them." What other hobbies did she indulge in on her own we wondered? "Well I've got two vibrators and sometimes I use them to help me indulge in a little fantasy when I'm alone."

Two? we asked a little surprised. "Yes," she said, "Why not? There's one for what you'd expect and one for what you probably wouldn't. I'm very sensitive in some parts that men don't always pay enough attention to. I'm very ticklish and easily turned on by any attention to my body hair."

"I have one boyfriend who likes me to take his cock in my armpit. It really brings me out in a sweat and it usually makes me come too." "So you use your vibrator on your armpits?" we enquired, "Well, not just there." she replied, coyly, and we thought it was about time to drop the subject.

What's her favourite telly programme, we asked, rapidly changing our tack. "Well, on a Saturday afternoon I usually find myself alone getting ready to go out. I usually have a shower and dry off while I'm watching the wrestling. I love seeing all those huge hairy guys beating crap out of each other. Watching the sweat glisten on their big hairy chests. And I always end up wondering what they've got under their shorts and whether it measures up to the rest of their statistics."

"It's a very brutal animal-like thing to do and I nearly always have to reach for my vibrators to get my mind off it. My other favourite programme, strangely enough, is Charlie's Angels. Those girls really turn me on. I'm not really les and I've never tried it but it's an interesting fantasy – making love with three beautiful women at once."

Finally, we asked her what her favourite fantasy was, "Well I think it would be rather interesting to have two of those heavyweight wrestlers making love to me at the same time. Then I could throw both my vibrators away."

Thanks Maisie. We hope all your dreams come true.

A Fantasy Realised

We walked towards the pub they had hired for the party, the music from the band was throbbing and, by the sound of things, hundreds of people were already there. Susie was at the door waiting to receive people. She and her boyfriend, Paul, had decided to give this joint party to celebrate something or other – I had been persuaded to go against my will by Daniel, the boy I lived with. They were not really my friends and, from what I had seen, they were not really my type.

Susie was wearing glittering green nail varnish (I hate and abhor weird-coloured nail varnish), a silver sequined tight-fitting trouser suit, high high heels, and her hair hung down, long, red and straight, past her bottom. She gave Daniel a long lingering kiss on the mouth and I looked past them into the great barn of a place beyond. There were many people dancing on the floor with tables all around the edge and a bar at the end.

We made our way over to a table where some people that we knew were sitting. There was a thick fog of smoke in the air, we ordered drinks all round and I tried to get in with the atmosphere. They were nice people but somehow I couldn't relate to them – they were younger, more casual about everything, into drugs a lot – not my sort!

And then I saw him! This beautiful man. He walked across to the table with a girl, "This is Simon and Jill" said a mutual friend. It had never happened to me before – that instant rush of sexual feeling for someone I had met for the first time. He was tall, with a broad lean figure and a mop of the most beautiful curly hair I had ever seen. His face was angular and sensuous and I could hardly believe the tumult of feelings that were going on inside me. They sat at the table with us, he at the other end, and we never spoke a word to each other all night – just looked occasionally.

It was several months before I saw him again and then, one day, he just walked into my kitchen with the same mutual friend who had introduced us. It was so lovely, we just talked and talked about everything under the sun, laughed a great deal and the vibes between us were so cosy, but stimulating at the same time, that I knew we must be together before long.

He started calling round frequently and we saw each other at various pubs and parties and had stolen moments of a close dance here, or a whispered confidence there, but nothing else was happening. He had a girlfriend and I lived with Daniel – it was all too complicated. I was so crazy about him, it had got to the stage that I could hardly speak to him coherently. I wanted to be lively, and witty, but I dried up – verbally anyway – every time I saw him.

And then it happened! I had been away for a week's holiday in Spain with a girlfriend. Things were not going well with Daniel and I. The night after I came back we had a terrible row and Danny rushed out of the house in a temper. I had a bath, washed my hair and went round to Helen and Dave's, some married friends, for a coffee. I had this strange feeling of excitement.

It was late when I arrived and we watched some rubbishy film on television. There was a tap on the window and Simon appeared at the door with a bag of fish and chips. I could hardly contain the thrill of excitement that rushed through me. We all chatted for a while and when I got up to go, Simon left with me.

It was the most beautiful night, not a cloud in the sky, a full moon and hundreds of stars twinkling. He walked to my car with me and casually said, "Why don't you come back for a coffee?"

"That would be nice" I replied, equally casually, with my pulses racing, "May I follow you? I don't know where your new flat is."

It was 10 minutes drive away and I followed him with my head spinning. The flat was at the top of a beautiful old house and we walked up the wide curving staircase hand in hand. We sat on the sofa and I could hardly breathe or move for fear of breaking the web of my fantasies that, having been dreams for so long, were now about to become reality.

We talked a little, smoked a lot and he kept jumping up to change the records. Neither of us could bring ourselves to make the first move. At last, I turned to him and said, "Do you want to see my peeling back?" "Yes, I do," he replied huskily.

We lay on the sofa and he kissed me, gently at first and then with such a surge of feeling that all the pent up passion of the past few months came into force. He took my tee shirt off and touched my breasts, my nipples were rock hard with desire.

"You look so pretty – brown with white stripes around your body – I hardly dare touch you. I've waited for this for so long." He said. He slid my jeans off my legs and gently and meticulously started kissing my toes, my feet, my ankles, holding my legs and rubbing his face against them.

My limbs wanted to encase him – to hold him like this forever. He started to suck me softly, his tongue sending shivers of delight through my body, then more insistently, finding the place that would thrill me the most, and licking and moving his tongue until my whole being was involved and centred on that desperate surging aching spot and I utterly lost myself in the rapture of coming with his mouth revelling in the helpless surrender that he had brought about.

"You are beautiful," I whispered, holding that firm broad body against my own. I ran my hands softly up and down his back, the skin was so smooth and soft. I touched his cock, shyly at first and then with growing confidence, wanting so much to give him pleasure.

His hands were gently running over my body and then softly into my vagina, which was hot and wet – "I've wanted you to touch me for so long," I whispered, "please let me feel you inside me," and he entered me slowly, kissing my face, my neck, my breasts.

Oh God, the ecstasy of making love with someone you worship body and soul; that feeling of being transported to another planet – it is almost too much to bear.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"On my front" I replied, and we rolled over. I raised my bottom in the air; he entered me from behind and we moved together in perfect harmony as though we had made love many times before and knew each other perfectly.

"Oh God, I like you on your front too," he murmured as he caressed my nipples and moved faster and faster, and I moved up and down that long hard cock, thrilling to the fact that we were lost in our world of sexual passion and ecstasy. It was as though I had no control over myself, what I was saying or thinking. I could hear my voice from some distance away, moaning slightly and saying his name over and over again.

He gripped my shoulders and with a few long hard thrusts we came simultaneously, "Christ, that was beautiful!" he gasped and we collapsed side by side on the sofa, my head on his chest and my heart pounding against his. We both agreed that we had never experienced anything like the same emotions before and that it was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to us. I could write poetry about that man .....

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Make Mine A Threesome

I suppose I must be bi-sexual or I wouldn't enjoy it so much; my relationship with Sue and Barry, I mean. Sue and I shared a flat and we talked a lot about sex in general and boys in particular. One night we got so electrified, we started kissing and cuddling and finished up naked on the bed, finger-fucking each other to a fantastic conclusion.

"I enjoyed that, Penny," sighed Sue when she came back to earth.

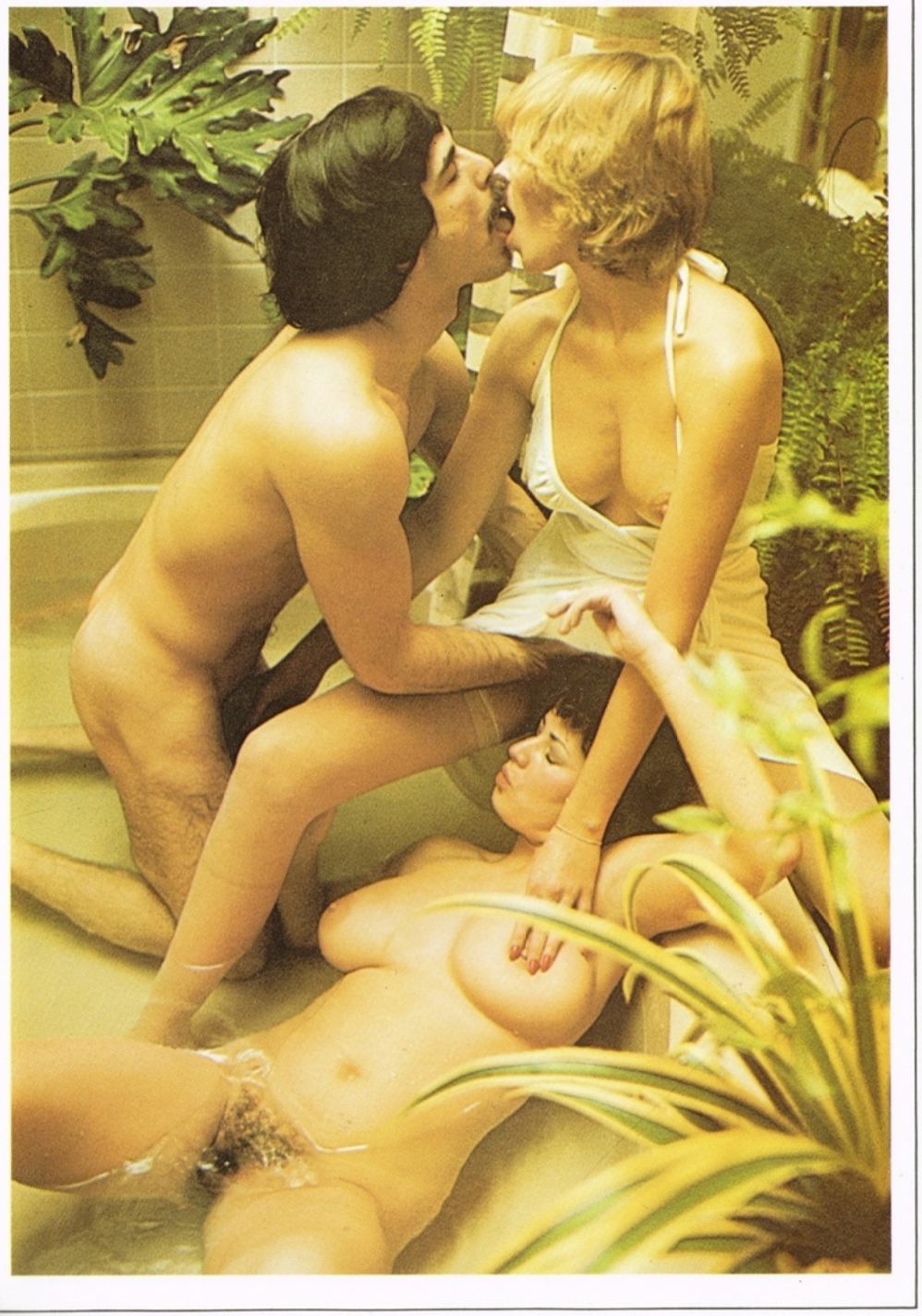
"So did I," I admitted. "It's better with a boy, though."

Sue's face filled with raincloud. "I'm not having much luck with boys right now," she said wistfully.

"Poor darling," I murmured, pulling her close and cupping her *bulbous* breast with a compassionate hand. I felt a *sudden* surge of sympathy and affection for her; I wanted her to find sexual fulfilment with a man.

With a shock of surprise, I REALIZED I WANTED THAT MAN TO BE MY OWN BOY-FRIEND, BARRY. The idea excited me so much that my voice was syrupy with *purple* passion when I suggested it to Sue.

She was a little bit shocked at first, but I talked her into it eventually. Barry didn't need much persuading. He was stunned to begin with, but I could tell



by the shameless revolving beacon in his brown eyes that he was already only one small step away from dropping his trousers.

There was an awkward moment after I had introduced Barry to Sue. We all stood around holding cups of tea, wondering what tune to hum next, but I took the initiative by undressing Sue as slowly and seductively as possible. She responded by stripping me to the buff and we went into a loving embrace at once, deep French-kissing each other. A low moan from Barry drew our attention to the man in our lives.

He was standing in his Marks & Sparks briefs which bulged hugely with the *awesome* intensity of his arousal. We advanced upon him with our arms around each other's waists, our hips swaying in breathless unison. Together, we slid his tight underpants over his lean buttocks and sinewy strawberry-coloured thighs to give his *mammoth* member its highly deserved freedom.

"Oh, my God! It's big!" gasped Sue, sinking to her knees to admire Barry's *colossal* cock. With her fingertips she traced the network of throbbing veins which laced his *stupendous* shaft before curling her dainty hand around the *robust* rod. Her *tepid* tongue peeped provocatively from between those richly parted lips as she slid his *festering* foreskin back and forth over his *gigantic* glans.

The sight of my girl-friend clasping my boy-friend in this torrid embrace was so erotic I had to wedge my *hospitable* hands tightly behind my back to keep my *flyaway* fingers away from my *clamouring* clit. Even so, I nearly ejaculated prematurely when she pulled his *fabulous* foreskin right back and took his shiny royal purple *knowledgeable* knob deep in her *minesweeping* mouth. Barry's face was contorted with ecstasy as Sue sucked *salaciously* on his *condescending* cock.

Suddenly, she released him. "OH GOD, OH GOD, I MUST HAVE IT IN ME!" she moaned and leapt on the bed, spreading her *transcendental* thighs wide in acrobatic invitation. Parting the Leviathan lips of her *piliferous* pussy with one hand, I grasped Barry's *rampant* rod in the other and guided it into Sue's *succulent* slit.

I stroked Sue's clit as Barry fucked her stupid. Reaching behind his *humping* bum, I held his *bungaloid* balls lightly as they swayed in time to his *lamentable* loins. When he started to come, I closed my hand tightly round the *splendiferous* spheres as they released their load of sperm into his *pumping* prick. A few quick flips with my finger on Sue's love-button and she arched her back in a *scorching* climax.

When Barry's *softening* shaft slipped out of Sue's *saturated* slit, I pounced on it eagerly and slid its whole length into my *megaton* mouth. As it swelled and hardened and lengthened, I had to draw back to prevent it from choking me like it had done to Linda Lovelace. I could taste Sue's syrup on the *satiny* skin of Barry's *glutinous* glans and I moaned with *luscious* lust. "Oh, darling! Fuck me flying!" I pleaded, relinquishing my *monster* mouthful.

I cocked my bum high in the air until it resembled a German airship, to expose the *puffy* lips of my pussy to Barry's *ardent* gaze. He slid his cock hilt-deep in me; his belly muscles rippling against my *bursting* buttocks. Sue watched the first dozen strokes, then she knelt in front of me, her curly black bush only an inch from my face.

She leaned back, her love-lips opening wide to give me a full frontal close-up of her pussy, oozing juice, her *close-encountered* clit protruding stiffly from under its fleshy pink hood. I clamped my lips against her quim, thrusting my *thunderous* tongue in and out of her *hot* honey-pot with the same rhythm as Barry's *prodding* prong.

As the tempo speeded up, the sound of our *bursting* breath, the squelching of our *flooded* fannies, filled the room. Barry was screwing me savagely with swift short strokes until, giving a great *guttural* growl, he rammed his rod right home and shot his spunk in a *furious* fusillade.

The gobs of hot thermonuclear sperm smacking into my slit made me start to drool and dribble. When the first *sickening* spasm hit me, I sucked Sue's *clandestine* clit right into my *moderate* mouth. She gave a *yiddish* yell like a *blistering* banshee and shuddered in the throes of an *orgasmic* orgasm, her *pestered* pussy throbbing wildly against my *melting* mouth. Our triple climax left us exhausted, but we vowed we must do it again – and again – and again.

That's the marvellous thing about a trio: there are so many different instruments you can play. Sometimes we finish up in a tangled mass of *aching* arms and *limpid* legs, *trembling* tits and *boiled* bums; saturated with the scent of *scintillating* sex; every sense sated.

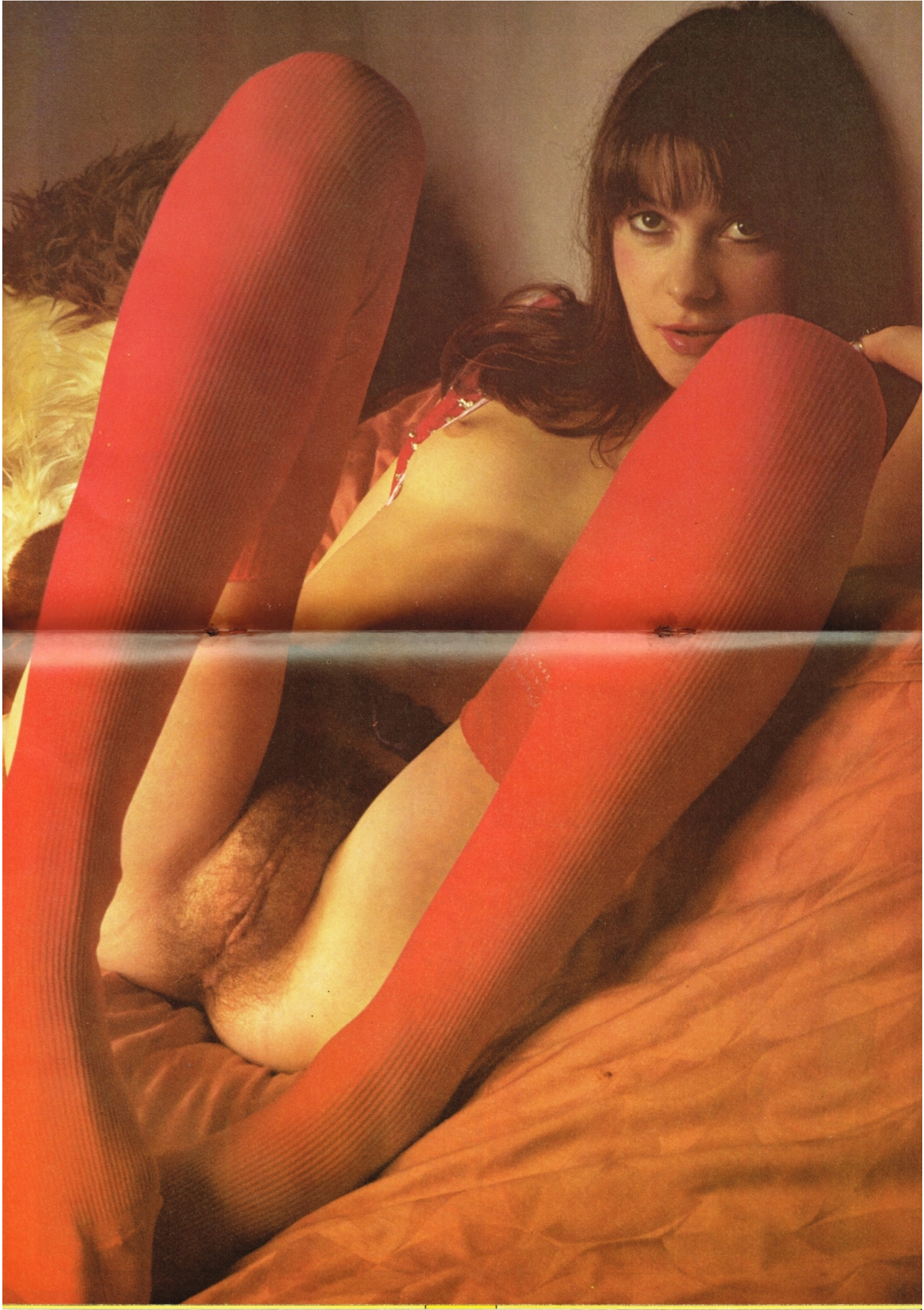
Oh, yes! Give me a *titanic* trio every time!

Raunchy Rita

Raunchy Rita's no meter maid. She's a model and sometime photographer who's always on the look out for some well-hung, chunky hunk of man to catch on film.

"When I was a little girl I always wanted to be a bullfighter," she told us, "But my father told me I had to become a secretary and move up in the world. Get felt up is more like what happened. I started working in a large open-plan office in London and there were a lot of creepy men there who couldn't keep their hands to themselves.

"The worst of the lot were the big-wigs who always hinted that if you didn't play ball it would be the axe for you. But now things are different. People respect me as an equal. I like that."



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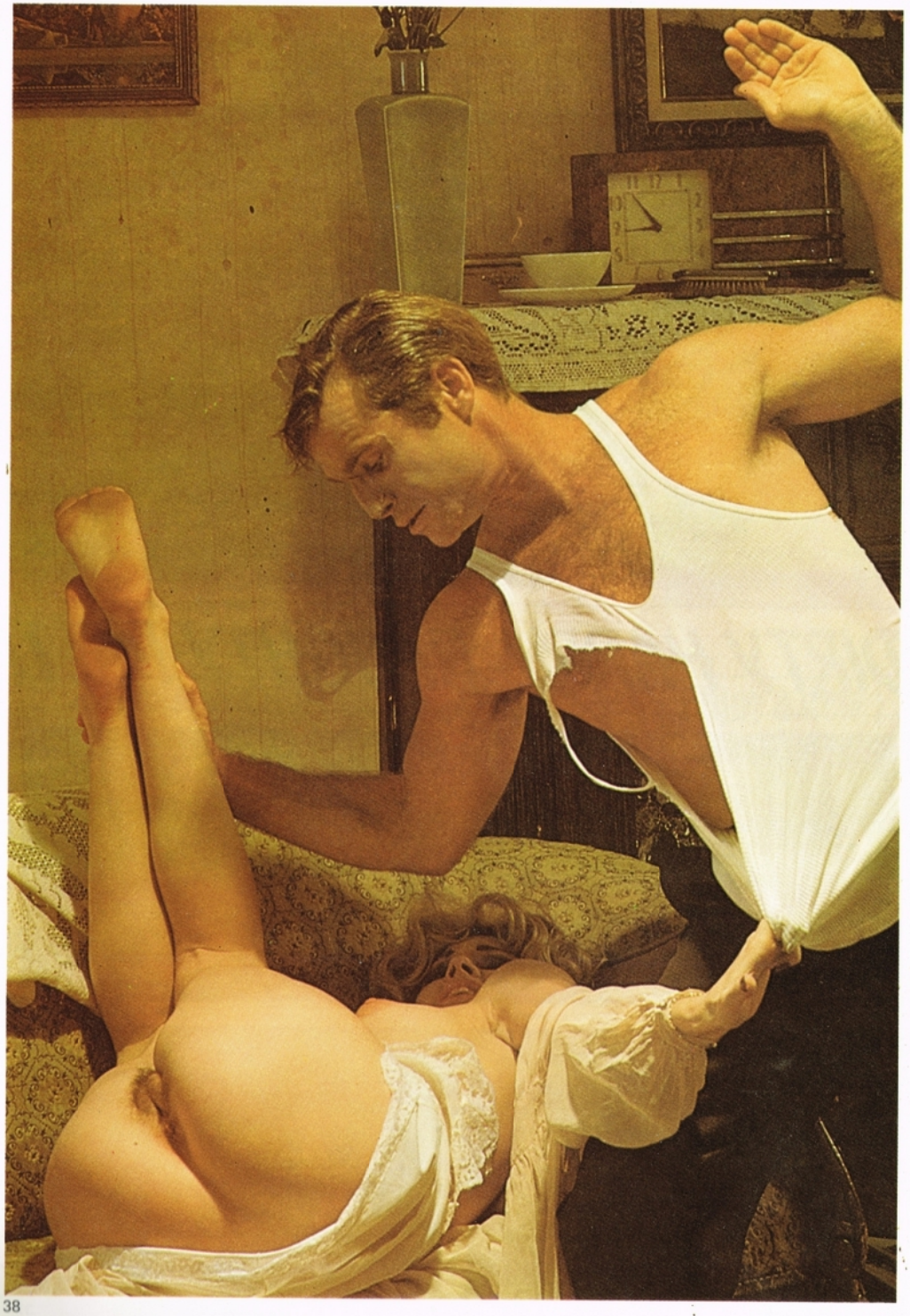
DIRTY HARRY-NAUGHTY PATTI



When I first met Patti she was on the game. She hadn't been doing it long and she didn't like it much but she was shooting up a lot of heroin – an expensive habit. We met in a wine bar in Greenwich when I was working in a breaker's yard down that way. I struck up a conversation and took a shine to her straight off. She had a cold, hard, cynical exterior but something shone through beneath it all.

She was quite pretty on a very tarted-up sort of way and since I hadn't had a woman in a couple of weeks I was turned on, but right from the start there seemed to be something more there than just lust.

When I asked her back to my place she lay it on me that it was going to be £15 for a fuck and £50 for the night. Then she said "I like you kid, but, business is business, right!" I shuffled through my pockets and came up with enough money for my bus fare to work and lunch the next day. I was a bit drunk and I just sort of sat there looking at the coins in my hand and then into her eyes. She looked at me long and hard and cold for a moment and then reached over and closed my fingers over the coins. "Come on." she said.

She fixed herself up in the bathroom before she came to bed and after that she seemed very distant. Still, I didn't really care, a fuck with a junkie's better than no fuck at all, I thought.

I arranged to see her after that, and again after that and she never asked me for money again. I guess she was earning more than I was then. For a while she came to me when she needed a friend and we had some good times and some good fucks. For a long time she was on and off the game and on and off the needle. When she was trying to come off the heroin she was in a terrible state. When you've seen someone who's done that to themselves you'd never ever think of trying it yourself.

I looked after her when she couldn't look after herself and we became very close. Eventually she moved in with me and I managed to get her off all the drugs she was taking. I'm working in a factory now – supporting her. She drinks a bit too much through the day while I'm away but there's always a dinner on the table when I get home and we have some great fucks.

Sex is her drug now. She's almost insatiable. Sometimes – though I hate to admit it – I can't keep up. It's the high she was getting off the smack and the pills and now that she's got enough sense to keep off that stuff she's always hungry for that peak ecstatic feeling you get when you play around and screw for hours on end.

We play some strange games with each other. Everything from the stories I make up about the girls down in the pub, where I have lunch, or keeping her guessing where I've been when I get home late after working overtime. She often holds out and doesn't let me screw her till she's tormented me into a state of real frustration and then we hump for hours.

Once I got her while she was asleep and managed to tie her up. She woke with my tongue up her cunt. I kept her hot with caresses and tickles – fondling her clit and her tits – then I jammed my cock straight in and we both came bucketfuls.

We've been very happy with our life together since she came off the drugs. Then about a fortnight ago I got home from work – pretty tired – looking forward to a restful night. I took my sweaty shirt off and collapsed on the couch. I was lighting a cigarette when my matches fell behind the cushion – I reached down and pulled up my matches and a pair of unfamiliar Y-fronts.

Stunned, momentarily, I sat there and stared. I knew they weren't mine. The rotten bitch had been screwing all day with some cunt from the dole while I was out slaving at the factory trying to keep a home together. "Patti." I called, and I'm sure she caught the edge of my tone. She practically jumped in from the kitchen. "What," I said quietly, "*the fuck*," furiously, "*is this*?"

Obviously shaken for a moment, she stood there with her arms limp at her sides and her jaw hanging open. Then she stiffened. "What's it got to do with you?" she sneered. I thought – right! bitch! – if that's the way you want to play it. I grabbed her dress and dragged her towards me. She landed a slap across my face when she realized what was coming.

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"Who have you been having around here in the day while I've been out slaving for you, eh?"

She avoided my stare and didn't say a word. I was about ready to kill her. I felt betrayed and humiliated – like the whole bottom had fallen out of my world. I threw her across the room on to the couch and found half of her dress still in my hand. She landed with a bang and I could see that the rotten slut wasn't wearing knickers.

She struggled as I pushed her down, and screamed when she caught the look in my eye. I felt like strangling her, but, I knew I couldn't really do it and I'm sure that she knew it too. The sight of her creamy naked thighs squirming beneath me was sending my temperature up even further. Even though I knew it was all over between us I figured that before I threw her out she was going to get *the* beating and *the* screwing of her life.

I grabbed both of her ankles with one hand and pulled her legs straight up in the air. Landing a slap with the other hand I shouted at her as she squirmed and moaned.

"*I dragged you up from the gutter, you filthy whore*!!" landing another one with all my weight behind it, "I gave you a home!"

Red marks were swelling up stark against the creamy nakedness of that familiar backside. "Is this the thanks I get for slaving every day to keep a roof over your head and food on the table? Is this the thanks I get for getting you off your filthy drugs and away from all those perverts that used to pay to piss on you? *Is this your kind of love, you fucking slag*?"

She had stopped struggling but I kept on holding her firmly and smacking and smacking away at her arse. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning and cringing every time I swung at her. She didn't say a word.

Her cunt was getting wetter and wetter – I could feel it on my hand and I could see the lubrication on her lips begin to loosen them. By then I had beaten most of the anger out of myself and all the action had given me a hard-on that I hadn't really noticed till then.

I let go of her – her legs fell limply on either side of me. Her glistening pussy was open right in front of my cock. I undid my trousers and let my cock spring to attention inches from her hole.

"How'd you like me to split you down the middle babe," I said as she opened her eyes. "Which hole will I put it in babe? Which do you think you deserve? Would you like it up the arse – dry and hard – babe?" All this time I was playing with myself and she was watching me as I gently rubbed the head of my cock from her clit right round to her arse-hole.

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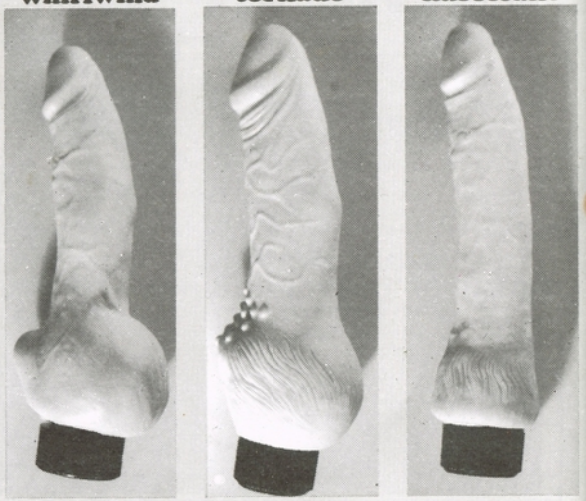

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For the first time that night she looked me straight in the eye. "Use me," she whispered. "Use me like my customers did." My cock was still poised right in front of her hole and then I realized just how much she was enjoying it all. I straddled her body and waved my cock right over her face. "Is this what you want?" I snapped. "Didn't your lover give you enough today? Do you need some more?" I sneered as I wanked myself inches away from her watery eyes.

She was crying. When I realized that, my heart just wasn't in it anymore. I knew I'd tortured her enough. If I wasn't giving her all she needed and she'd taken a day-time lover, or maybe a customer, for all I knew, then that was up to her. It was all over as far as I was concerned and I'd had my puny revenge.

She was crumpled on the sofa, dress torn, tears streaming down her face. I stood up and saw what I'd done to her. "I'm sorry, honey." I breathed. "Your life's your own. I'm really sorry but you know how I feel about you and other men. It has to be just me or not at all. I'm leaving before I do you some real damage. You know I can't help it." With that I was going to dress, pack and split but she held out her arms to me. I couldn't leave. Despite everything I needed to hold her. She kissed me softly through her tears and said: "I'm sorry for everything but please, please love me. Love me now. I need you."

I took her in my arms and held her tighter than ever before. I knew then that I loved and needed her more than anything else in my life or in my past. We kissed hard and hungrily. It was no hookers' act and I could see she really needed me. I still couldn't believe that she'd really been unfaithful to me. Even then we still felt too close for it to have really happened.

I ran my fingers gently through her hair and began to kiss her. I started on her neck – she moaned with delight at the softness of my touch. I worked my mouth slowly across her body – gently massaging the creases beneath those lovely boobs of hers. From her nipples down to her pubes I licked and sucked my way to forgiveness. Gently I turned her around to lift her off the bruises on her bum. Her hands were on the arm of the sofa and her arse was sticking into the air. I kissed all the bruises and weals across her buttocks and she shuddered with pleasure as I plunged my tongue deep into her creamy cleft.

By then we were both about to come. My cock was rigid and glistening. With one hand on each of her tits I slowly pushed myself inside of her. We didn't bang – we were both too charged with electricity. I pushed my cock first up against one side of her cunt and then up the other side. It only took a few strokes of that to bring us both off – beautifully.

It was all so soft and gentle yet evidently so painful for Patti after all I'd put her through. She released a long hoarse animal-like groan of final satisfaction when she came. She lay down on her tummy quietly and I sat back on the couch, confused. I didn't know what to do – whether to stay or leave – to forgive or forget.

"Steve," she said in a low warm voice, "I don't have any lover other than you." She sounded convincing but, well, what was I to think of someone else's Y-fronts on my couch.

She rose slowly off her stomach and lifted something from behind the clock. "This is the bag I bought the Y-fronts in and here's the receipt from Marks and Sparks. I just dirtied them up a bit for effect." She was grinning from ear to ear.

I sat and stared at those damn pants for a second time that day. They were definitely new on closer inspection. I knew then that she was telling the truth.

"Why?" I laughed.

"I wanted to see what kind of a reaction I'd get, if any." she said, "You know – just for fun!"

You can always count on Patti for fun. And for games. As I said, we play some strange games with each other though I must admit that must have been the strangest. I came on a bit stroppy when it had all finally sunk in – calling her a twisted bitch and stuff but I couldn't really hide my smile.

"O.K. kid," she laughed, "you owe me one but in the meantime this is a treat on me – just for putting up with me." Then she gave me the blow-job of a lifetime. Patti's blow-jobs are the best in the world – what she can't do with her tongue, her teeth and uvula just aren't worth doing.

Maybe I'll tell you how I got my real revenge sometime.

Angelique

Her real name is Angela, as she puts it, "I prefer the *Francais* version. It's more feminine and has a vaguely aristocratic ring." Why the gun, we asked. "Just for show. I like to give the impression of being a tough lady. The gun helps."

"Yessir, Ma'am!" we say to any lady with a gun.

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Freelance stripper and showgirl, Zoe, is a zealous young lady with a penchant for the high night-spots of the world. For a very high fee she agreed to let us shoot some film of her in performance and in her dressing-room afterwards. We're sure you'll agree that she's worth every penny of the £20.00 entry fee it costs to see her act.

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Nympho. Beautiful and lecherous olive-skinned maid, under orders to get the T.V. fixed, pays the startled repairman by screwing his arse off.

Miss Lovitt. Susan is a dedicated masturbator and hurries home from school to her secret and impressive collection of dildos and vibrators for a wild work-out.

Hot Rod 1 (Lap 69). Failing to qualify in the Indianapolis 500, John and his lustful girlfriend are watching the race. Barbara gets John so high that, people and cars forgotten, they fuck together on the grass.

Hot Rod 2. Jean is taking a bus when an inebriated ex-boyfriend turns up, hoping to carry on where he left off—deep inside her. She doesn't want to play, but he gets there in the end.

Butch Mary and the Schoolgirl Kid. Nicky does a part-time job straight from school. Unbeknown to her, her employers are lesbians. Chastisement turns to pleasure when she is seduced by the two women.

On the Job. David's luscious secretary prefers sex breaks to tea breaks—and when a highly fuckable replacement typist arrives, it's everything goes—in triplicate!

Hot Rod 3 (Lucky Fellow). Jean's story of her sexual experiences turns on Betty and Sue. In no time the randy girls undress her and go to work on her. Then Jack returns from the office and . . . !

Hot Rod 4 (Clitty Bang Bang). A satiated John and Barbara opt for a quiet evening with chums Betty and Sue. But they are confronted by **three** sexy females and a husband with a hard on. 'Bang' goes the quiet evening!

Innkeeper's Daughters. Luring the two lusty knickerless wenches away from the local yokels, our cunning Romeo manages to screw not only the daughters, but mum as well.

Female Lust. Margaret is feeling hard up and horny and when the T.V. maintenance man calls she does her best to turn **him** on. She succeeds and spends the afternoon being screwed silly.

N.B. The films and tapes listed can only be sold on the understanding that they are for PRIVATE ADULT PERFORMANCE and NOT for PUBLIC USE. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES must they be sold to or performed for MINORS or any other persons unaware of their nature

Casanova-Dansk

We offer ten professionally made 200-foot Super 8mm colour films of very high quality. All titles are available as silent movies, but five of them have the added attraction of a brilliant sound track. Titles with sound available are marked (S). Prices: **silent version £20.00 each, sound version £48.00 each.**

Lola. Highly erotic love-play with a large vibrator and a hand-shower by this bronze, big-bosomed (40") beauty with a sultry voice includes screen-filling close-up of her private parts as vibrator enters. (S)

The Dungeon. A strong story, bursting with sex action, of two beautiful female resistance workers and their treatment at the hands (and pricks!) of a trio of vicious guards **and** a randy male prisoner!

Women in Chains. Graphically illustrates the things four beautiful young girls on an isolated prison farm have done to them and have to do. Strong action, unique location, superb sound. (S)

Victorian Derriere. A period spanking film in which the beautiful full-fleshed bottoms of the Lady **and** her maid receive the full treatment from the eager, ruthless hand of the Master—separately and both together! (S

Wife Swapping Orgy. A Saturday night card game that turns into an all-out orgy with fabulous close-ups of the vital parts of the anatomy in lusty action. Get the sound version for the ultra-realistic love noises. (S)

The Air Hostesses. A heady mixture of two handsome studs (one coloured), three glamorous hostesses (one a negress) and aphrodisiac-spiked drinks. In the orgiastic brew-up that ensues, they're really flying high!

Devil's Prison. A 43" bust is on show in this torrid mix of guard-dogs, lecherous guards, well-fucked female prisoners and heavy lesbian love. Superb dialogue, music and effects. (S)

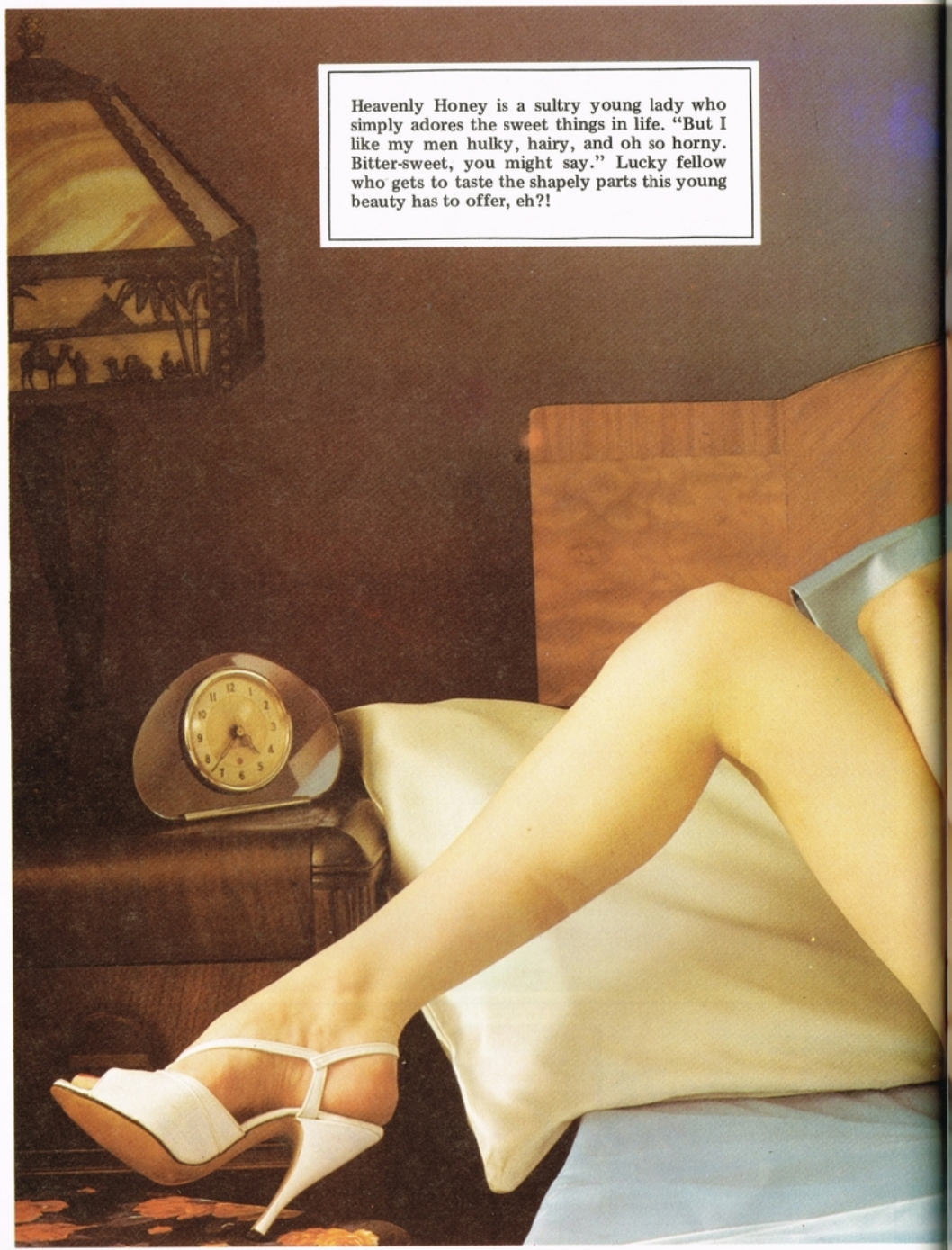
Sex and Suds (C-D).* Two studs and a beauty with a 38" bust turn the bathroom into a whirlwind fornicatorium, with everything (inclucing the bidet) getting into the action. Strong stuff!

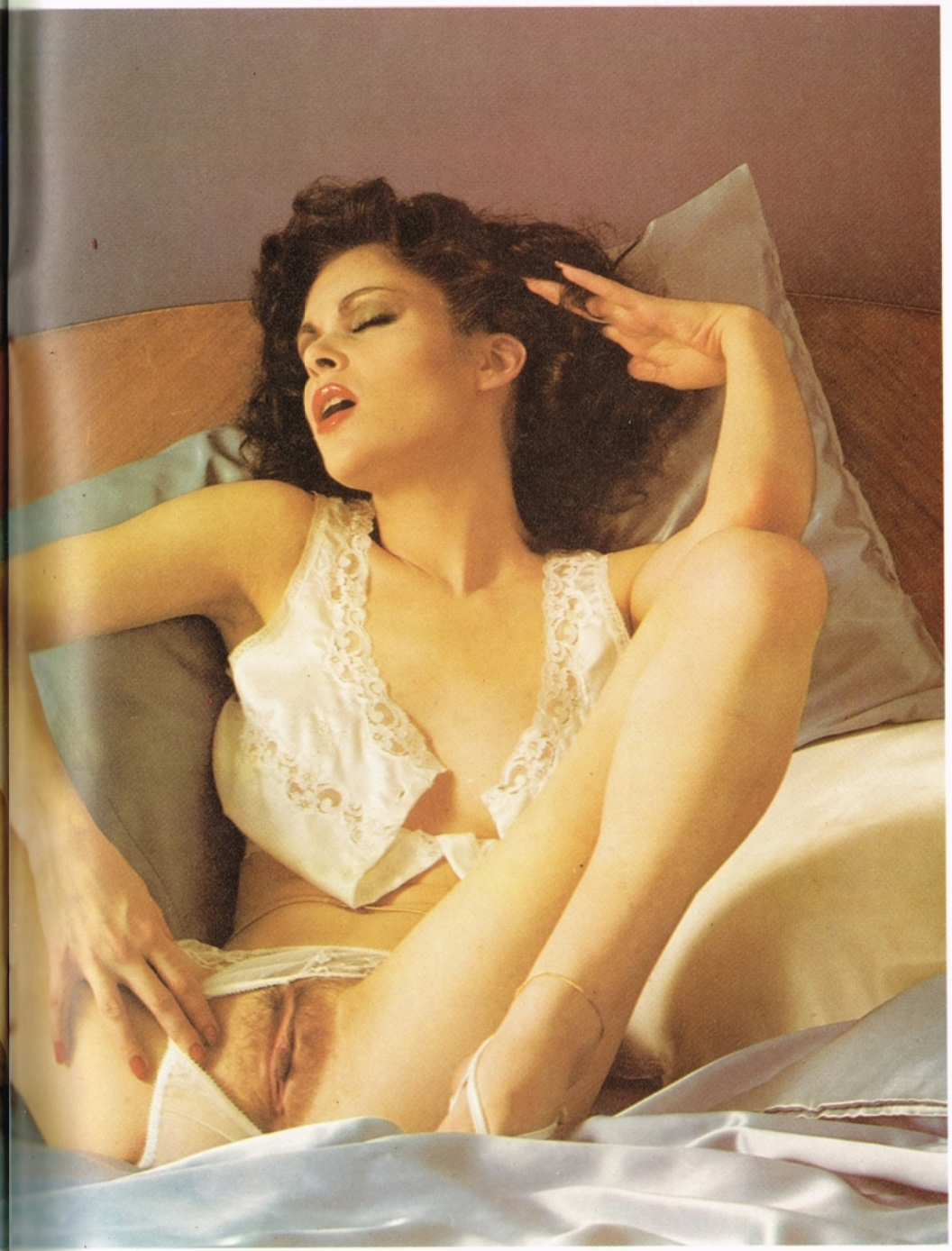
Hot Rod (C-D).* A chess game that leads to some eye-opening moves between black and white as the coloured pair and the white couple leave the chess-board for a tempestuous exposition of another kind of mating game.

All-Action Sex. Have you ever dreamed of finding a girl who would do anything and every-thing? These two guys find such a girl and take her home. You'll want to watch the action that follows again and again.

*Include (C-D) in the title when ordering, to avoid confusion with similar titles.

A Taste of Honey


Heavenly Honey is a sultry young lady who simply adores the sweet things in life. "But I like my men hulky, hairy, and oh so horny. Bitter-sweet, you might say." Lucky fellow who gets to taste the shapely parts this young beauty has to offer, eh?!



Raunchy Gala hits the mark again, and again, and again! So if you want to be sure of getting your oats, come to Gala and we'll keep feeding you. We have the best pictorials around so it won't be just any old meal, but more like a feast. Page after page of glorious female flesh designed to excite the most mundane imagination – so just think what it'll do to you Gala readers! We're heading off over the hill where all the good pics are buried so why not come with us – see you next time around!